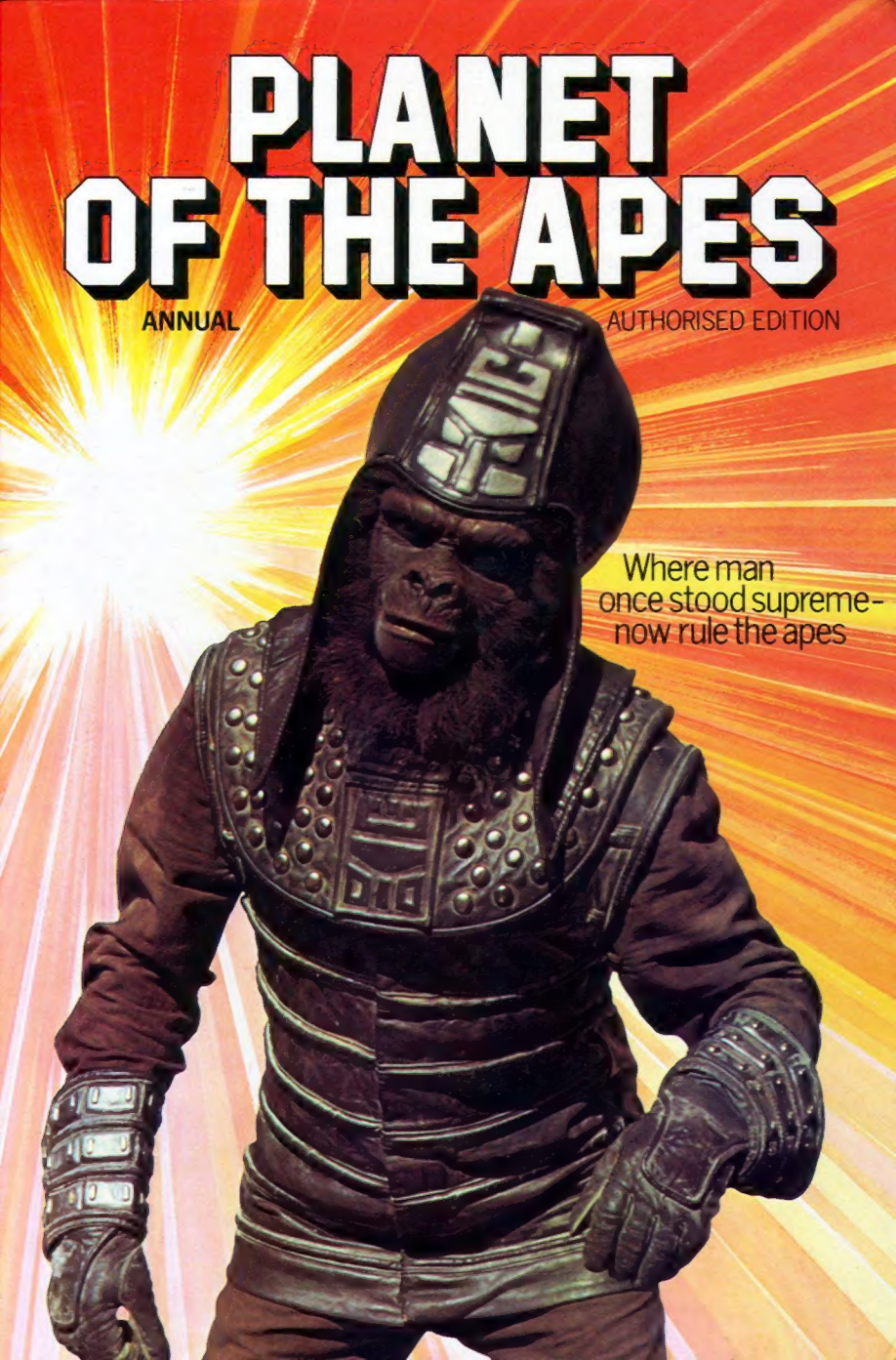
PLANET OF THE APES

ANNUAL

AUTHORISED EDITION



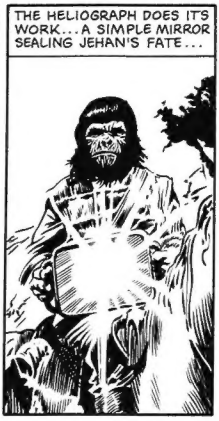
PLANET
OF THE APES
ANNUAL
AUTHORISED EDITION
PUBLISHED BY
BROWN WATSON
A HOWARD & WYNDHAM COMPANY
135 WARDOUR ST. LONDON W1. ENGLAND.
TV SERIES©1977 Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp.
All rights reserved.
FILM SERIES©1977 APJAC Productions Inc.
and Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp.
All rights reserved.
Printed in Holland
BOLTON
£1·25p

BLOW FOR BLOW
DARK SHAPES MOVE UNDER A MOONLESS SKY: A TROOP OF GORILLA SOLDIERY, LED BY A YOUNG OFFICER, JEHAN. AND THEIR MISSION IS NOT WELL INTENTIONED...
PUT THOSE LIGHTS OUT, AND KEEP QUIET... WE'RE ONLY A MILE FROM CENTRAL CITY!
SO, MY SPIES WERE RIGHT! JEHAN IS LEADING THE REVOLT... BUT HE'LL LEAD IT NO FURTHER THAN THIS! OPEN FIRE!
BUT URKO IS NOT SO EASY TO KILL...
EVEN JEHAN IS NOT SURE WHY HE IS HERE. A DESIRE TO REFORM, PERHAPS, OR LUST FOR POWER... OR SIMPLY HATRED...
REMEMBER, ABOVE ALL ELSE, URKO MUST DIE! ONCE HE IS GONE, ALL ELSE WILL CRUMBLE! THEN THE CITY, AND THE GOVERNMENT, WILL BE OURS!
BA-BA-BA-BLAM
AAAAAGH!
AMBUSH! WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED! FIGHT ...FOR YOUR LIVES!

IT'S NO GOOD, JEHAN! WE'RE BEING CUT TO PIECES! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
WE'VE BEATEN THEM! THEY'RE ON THE RUN!
AFTER THEM! A HUNDRED HUMAN SLAVES FOR THE SOLDIER THAT BRINGS ME JEHAN'S HEAD!
BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR URKO...
BUT NEWS TRAVELS FAST... AND IN CENTRAL CITY, AT DAWN...
ZAIUS! HAVE YOU HEARD? JEHAN AND URKO ARE FIGHTING!
SO JEHAN'S MADE HIS MOVE AT LAST! I KNEW WE'D HAVE A COUP SOON!
URKO AMBUSHED JEHAN'S TROOPS ... AND NOW HE'S HUNTING HIM DOWN!
GET ME A HORSE, ORIS, AND SOME ORANGS WE CAN TRUST! WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM, TOO!

ELSEWHERE, DAYLIGHT REVEALS A PITIFUL REMNANT OF THE FORCE THAT WAS TO HAVE TAKEN OVER THE APE WORLD...

BUT SOME THINGS CAN TRAVEL FASTER THAN HORSES...
THEY'RE HEADING FOR SKULL PASS... IT'S THEIR ONLY ESCAPE! SIGNALLER! ALERT THE GUARD POST THERE!
YES, SIR!



BUT THE GUARD POST MAKES THE SIMPLE MISTAKE OF REPLYING TO THE MESSAGE...
LOOK! THEY'VE ALERTED THE TROOPS AT SKULL PASS! WE'RE TRAPPED!
THIS WAY! RIDE FOR YOUR LIVES!

THERE'S A SPRING UP THERE IN THE ROCKS... WITH THE FOOD IN OUR PACKS, WE CAN HOLD OUT FOR DAYS.
PERHAPS... BUT SO CAN THEY...
AND SO JEHAN'S LAST STAND BEGINS... AND ALL HE CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT URKO WILL ACCIDENTALLY STRAY INTO HIS SIGHTS...
ALL DAY THE STALEMATE DRAGS ON...
KEEP THEM PINNED DOWN! THEY WON'T MAKE ANY MOVE TILL NIGHTFALL.
BUT SOME WILL NOT MOVE AT ALL... AND JEHAN DECIDES TO RISK ALL ON ONE FINAL THROW...
URKO! LISTEN! THIS ISN'T GETTING ANYWHERE! PROVE YOU'RE THE SOLDIER YOU SAY YOU ARE! FIGHT ME... ALONE AND UNARMED... AND WE'LL SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES!

AND, IN ORDER TO KEEP UP HIS REPUTATION IN FRONT OF HIS TROOPS URKO FINDS HIMSELF FORCED TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE...

AND THEN THERE IS NO MORE TIME FOR WORDS... ONLY ACTIONS... FOR A LONG TIME THEY WRESTLE, EVENLY MATCHED...

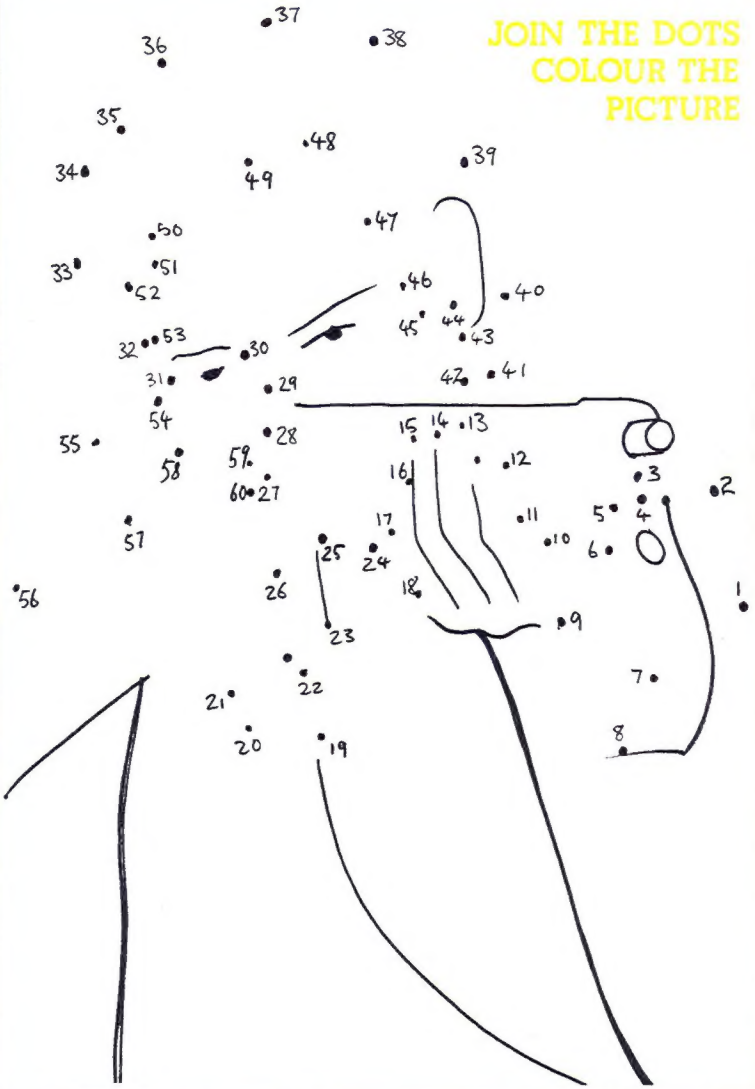
AND THEN, A LUCKY BLOW LANDS...

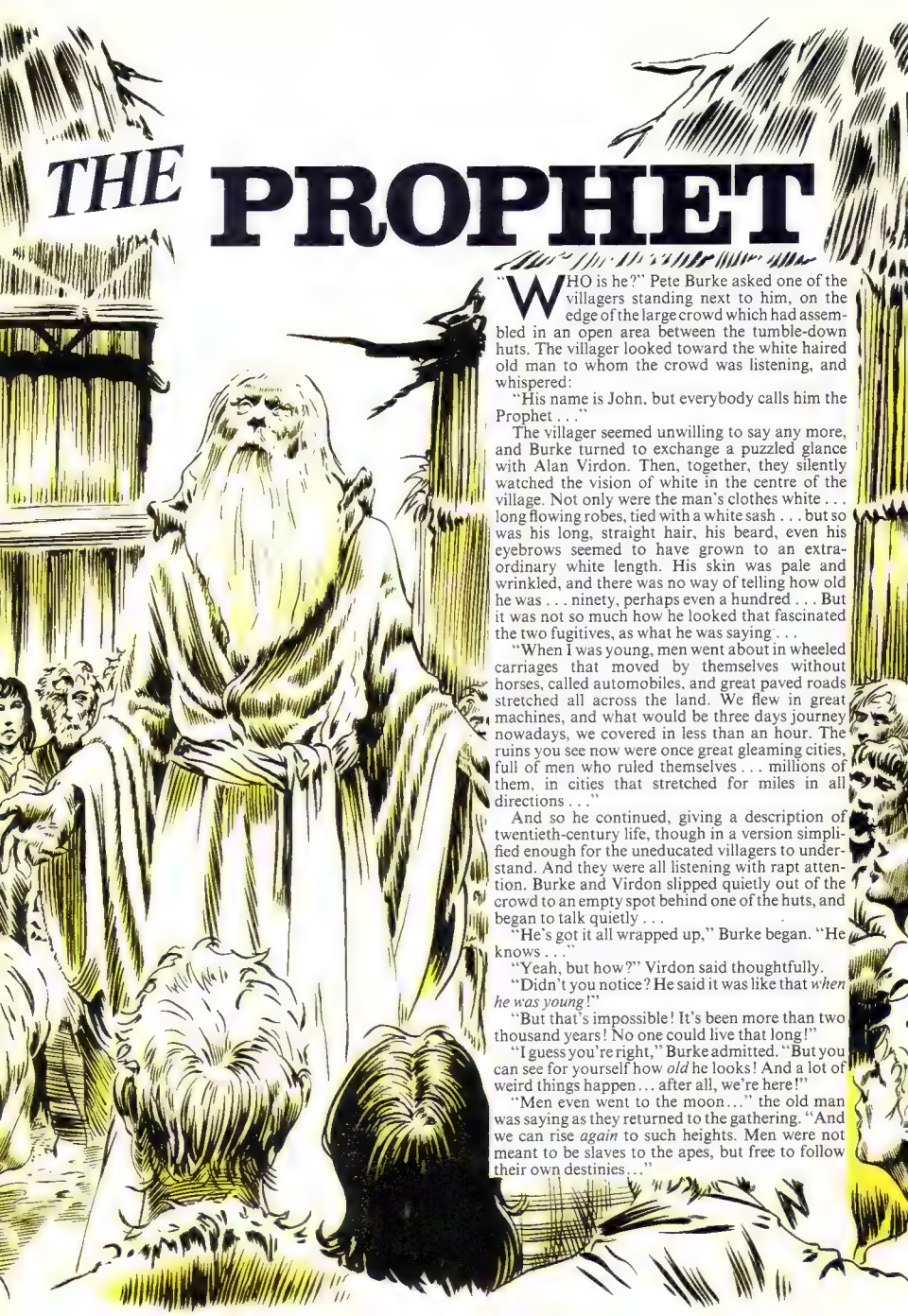
AND AS URKO LIES STUNNED...

BUT BEFORE THE FINAL BLOW CAN BE STRUCK

AND...
ZAIUS!
I'VE COME TO OFFER YOU A CHOICE, JEHAN! IF YOU KILL URKO, YOU DIE TOO! IF HE LIVES, YOU LIVE TOO... IN EXILE! I'VE A SAFE CONDUCT PASS HERE THAT WILL GET YOU TO THE OUTLANDS.
VERY WELL THEN, ZAIUS. I'LL HAVE TO TRUST YOU... THOUGH LEAVING THIS TYRANT ALIVE STICKS IN MY THROAT.
AND AS THE EXILES LEAVE...
WHY DID YOU LET HIM GO, ZAIUS? WE HAD HIM IN THE PALM OF OUR HAND.
JEHAN IS MORE USE TO US ALIVE, ORIS. URKO HAS BEEN HUMBLED... HE WON'T BE QUITE AS TROUBLESOME IN FUTURE.
AND IF URKO SHOULD MAKE A BID FOR POWER, WE CAN ALWAYS BRING JEHAN BACK TO FIGHT HIM AGAIN!
BUT OTHERS DON'T SEE IT QUITE LIKE THAT...
IT'S ALMOST AS IF YOU PLANNED THE WHOLE THING, ZAIUS... BUT DON'T BE TOO PLEASED WITH YOURSELF! ONE DAY I'LL PAY YOU BACK FOR THIS...
AND THEN URKO WILL RULE!

JOIN THE DOTS
COLOUR THE
PICTURE





THE PROPHET

"WHO is he?" Pete Burke asked one of the villagers standing next to him, on the edge of the large crowd which had assembled in an open area between the tumble-down huts. The villager looked toward the white haired old man to whom the crowd was listening, and whispered:

"His name is John, but everybody calls him the Prophet . . ."

The villager seemed unwilling to say any more, and Burke turned to exchange a puzzled glance with Alan Virdon. Then, together, they silently watched the vision of white in the centre of the village. Not only were the man's clothes white . . . long flowing robes, tied with a white sash . . . but so was his long, straight hair, his beard, even his eyebrows seemed to have grown to an extraordinary white length. His skin was pale and wrinkled, and there was no way of telling how old he was . . . ninety, perhaps even a hundred . . . But it was not so much how he looked that fascinated the two fugitives, as what he was saying . . .

"When I was young, men went about in wheeled carriages that moved by themselves without horses, called automobiles, and great paved roads stretched all across the land. We flew in great machines, and what would be three days journey nowadays, we covered in less than an hour. The ruins you see now were once great gleaming cities, full of men who ruled themselves . . . millions of them, in cities that stretched for miles in all directions . . ."

And so he continued, giving a description of twentieth-century life, though in a version simplified enough for the uneducated villagers to understand. And they were all listening with rapt attention. Burke and Virdon slipped quietly out of the crowd to an empty spot behind one of the huts, and began to talk quietly . . .

"He's got it all wrapped up," Burke began. "He knows . . ."

"Yeah, but how?" Virdon said thoughtfully.

"Didn't you notice? He said it was like that *when he was young*!"

"But that's impossible! It's been more than two thousand years! No one could live that long!"

"I guess you're right," Burke admitted. "But you can see for yourself how *old* he looks! And a lot of weird things happen... after all, we're here!"

"Men even went to the moon..." the old man was saying as they returned to the gathering. "And we can rise *again* to such heights. Men were not meant to be slaves to the apes, but free to follow their own destinies..."

With that, the prophet brought his teaching to an end. The crowd looked on in reverent silence, and, supporting himself with a long, gnarled staff, the ancient one turned and hobbled out of the village. The crowd broke up slowly, and the villagers returned to their daily tasks.

"I think it's a good job we left Galen up in the hills, Alan," Burke remarked as they watched. "After that speech, I don't think an ape would be too popular around here..."

"Right," Virdon agreed. "Still, I want to find out more about this 'Prophet'. Let's ask around..."

An hour's casual questioning revealed little more than that the old man had appeared unexpectedly a few months previously, and begun to talk. At first no one had paid any attention to him, but after a while the entire village had been entranced by his strange stories and prophecies of a new life for mankind. He got his food from charitable villagers, and lived in a cave in the hills outside the village where no one else ever went. And that was all anyone knew about him...

"We'd better try to get hold of some food and get back to Galen," Burke said then. "After all, that's the only reason we came down here in the first place..."

"I don't know..." Virdon looked round the village. "There's something about this place..."

Virdon never got a chance to finish, for both of them saw the people scattering suddenly. Instinctively, they too ran for cover, even before they had seen the party of gorillas riding into the village. Peering round the corner of a hut, they saw the gorillas rein in, and their leader summoned one of the villagers forward.

"Where is the human called John, the prophet?" the gorilla barked.

"We don't know anyone called that." The farmer replied quietly, only to find the gorilla's booted foot kicking him savagely in the chest. He went down, sprawling, and a few other villagers came out to help him to his feet. At the gorilla's command, virtually everyone in the village came out to stand before them... everyone except Burke and Virdon.

"Listen!" The gorilla shouted. "We know this prophet of yours is around here somewhere stirring up revolt. You'll hand him over to us by noon tomorrow, or suffer the consequences! And anyone trying to escape from the village will be shot!"

"Oh, boy!" Burke breathed. "And we only came down here for a quick snack...!"

The gorillas dismounted then and, carrying their rifles, took up positions round the edge of the village. The humans shuffled nervously through their tasks for the rest of the day, and when darkness fell, the men of the village gathered to talk. Burke and Virdon slipped from cover to join them.

"Somebody ought to warn the Prophet..." The village headman began. "Otherwise he'll come in here tomorrow morning without knowing anything and be captured..."

"But it's too dangerous," one of the villagers put in, "We've all got wives and children to think of..."

Burke and Virdon looked at one another meaningfully.

"We'll go," Virdon announced. "Tell us where to find him..."

All the villagers seemed surprised, and more than a little distrustful. "How do we know you'll do it? You might just get out of the village and run off!" One of them said, speaking for all of them.

"You have our word on it," Virdon said simply.

Getting out of the village proved much easier than they had expected. There were too few gorillas to ring the village completely, and they seemed to be relying on the fear that they and their guns would generate among the villagers. And besides, Burke and Virdon were old hands at slipping past sentries by now. Without having to go within twenty yards of a gorilla, they got away from the huts and out into the cool, enclosing darkness.

Their escape had been timed to perfection, slipping out of the huts just before moonrise, and then waiting until there was enough light to see where they were going. The moon was more than half-full, and by its light they were easily able to follow the directions given them. Within half an hour, the narrow, shadowed entrance of the Prophet's cave stood before them. They moved quietly inside.

The cave was deep, a long tunnel that snaked and twisted into the mountainside, and Burke and Virdon came to a sudden halt as they saw light ahead... electric light. Cautiously, they moved on into the lighted room, and the prophet became aware of their presence. Wordlessly, the three men stared at one another for a moment.

The prophet was much younger now than he had appeared earlier. The white hair, beard and exaggerated eyebrows had all been removed, and lay in a heap on a table nearby. His skin, without the pale powder that covered it previously, was still fairly colourless, but it was obviously the face of a man about fifty or sixty years old.

"So the whole thing was a set-up..." Burke broke the silence.

"Library tapes... and a playback machine run on nuclear cell batteries. They're the only things that could have lasted this long." Virdon looked round the room, for room it was rather than a cave, and guessed that the man had somehow stumbled on an ancient underground library, or part of it anyway. But he had to admire the man's ingenuity in realising what he had found, and learning how to read it.

"But why the trickery about immortality, old man?" Burke asked. "Why not just bring the villagers up here and show them what you'd found?"

"They're too superstitious..." the prophet said, in a voice heavy with defeat. "They don't trust machines from the old days. I was going to educate them with my tales, and then make all this know-

ledge available to them. And even if that failed, I've given them something to hope for, if nothing else..."

"Well, that's just great... but you're going to have to change your plans now..." Burke told him what had happened.

"The playback machine is portable," Virdon said, when everything had been explained. "You've got until dawn to decide which of these tapes is going to be most useful, and get them outside the cave. Then, two hours after sunrise, you're going down to the village, and you're going to tell all the people to move out. Take the stuff with you, move everyone up into the hills where you're safe from the apes, and start all over. We'll take care of the gorillas..."

"We will?" Burke asked, hardly able to believe his ears.

The gorilla trooper, patrolling near the village, urged his horse slowly through the narrow defile, which was deeply shadowed in the low morning sun. A rock suddenly crashed down by his side from somewhere above.

"I missed him, *Burke*!" a voice cried.

"I'll get him, *Virdon*!" another voice replied, and a second rock hurtled down nearby. Without a second's hesitation, the gorilla spurred his horse forward, and was gone.

"Do you think this is going to work?" Burke asked Virdon as he joined him on a hillside overlooking the village.

"Sure it will... when the gorilla commander hears Burke and Virdon are in the area, he'll forget everything else. We're much more valuable prizes than some white-haired weirdo..." And moments later, they saw the entire group of gorillas mount up and ride out toward them.

As Virdon went on ahead, Burke stayed until he judged the gorillas were close enough, then stood up, letting them see him. As they changed direction toward him, he took to his heels, running for his life. He hoped that the old man had got himself and his equipment far enough away from the cave.

With the gorillas closing fast, Burke headed toward the cave, not even daring to look up and see if Virdon was in position yet. There was no time for anything but to run directly toward the cave, then turn, look back and make sure that the pursuers had reached just that point in the trail where their vision was blocked for a few moments by a huge rock, and then duck behind some boulders not far from the cave mouth. Now all he could do was wait.

The gorillas rode up to the cave entrance and pulled up short. Seconds later all had dismounted and, rifles in hand, started into the cave... all except one, who was left to watch the horses. Burke cursed silently. If that gorilla heard Virdon moving above the cave and called the others before the trap could be sprung, it would all be for nothing...

Looking round for something to use as a weapon, Burke picked up a brick-sized rock and ran silently toward the gorilla, coming up behind him. At the last moment, the gorilla heard him, started to turn... and the rock smashed down into the back of his thick, muscular neck. But it was enough to fell the gorilla, instantly unconscious.

Burke waved swiftly, then ran for his life as Virdon began using a tree-branch to lever at the pile of rocks they had spent the hours of darkness

heaping up on a ledge over the cave mouth. One fell with a crash, then another. In the cave, Burke could hear the gorillas shouting. Then, at last, the whole rock-heap shuddered, slipped, and crashed down in front of the cave, blocking the entrance completely. After a few moments, there was only silence, but for the sound of the panic-stricken horses galloping away into the distance. Virdon came down to join Burke and look at his handiwork.

"They'll get out eventually..." Burke commented. Virdon nodded.

"But not before the 'prophet' has led his people into the hills..."

"And not before we're a long way away too... come on, let's go find Galen and get out of here..."

From the cave came the sound of the first rock being torn down and thrown aside, and they realised they had less time than they thought. Together, they ran off into the hills...

A PICTURE
TO PAINT

PLANET OF THE APES Super Film Quiz

Test your knowledge of the 'Apes' films with the following questions:

1. Here's a familiar figure from the 'Apes' films and TV series in unfamiliar guise. Who is it?

2. The golden cylinder is the 'Doomsday' weapon that finally destroyed the world. In which film did it appear?

3. The original 'Planet of the Apes' film was based on a novel by Pierre Boulle. What was it called?
4. In 'Escape from the Planet of the Apes', three chimpanzees come back in time to the present day. What were their names?

5. When was the first film, 'Planet of the Apes', released?
6. There are three types of ape: Gorilla, Chimpanzee and Orang. And they have three different jobs: Administrators, soldiers and scientists. But who does which?

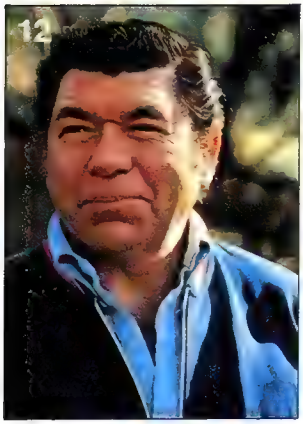
7. Ape fought ape in one of the movies, and we can see the exciting scene being filmed here. Which film did this fight appear in?

8. In 'Escape from the Planet of the Apes', Cornelius and Zira had a baby chimp. What was the baby called?

9. Who is the very important ape commemorated by this statue?

10. Rod Serling, one of the writers of the first 'Planet of the Apes' film, was already well-known for having created a television fantasy series, and has since created another. Can you name either of them?

11. What was the name of the character played by Charlton Heston in the first two 'Ape' films?

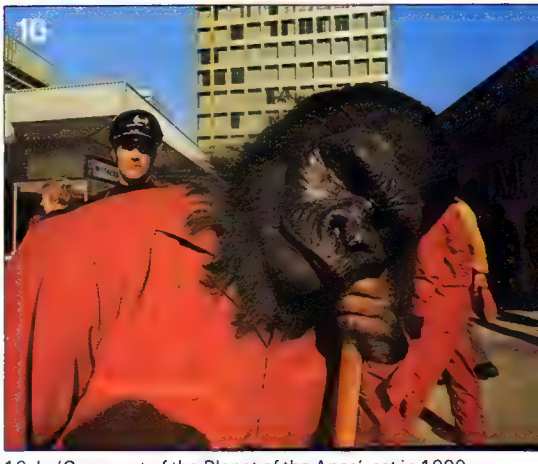


12. This well-known film and television star played Aldo, leader of the gorillas, in 'Battle for the Planet of the Apes'. Who is he?

13. In 'Conquest of the Planet of the Apes', black actor Hari Rhodes played Governor Breck's chief aide, who was sympathetic to the apes. What was his name?

14. How many 'Apes' movies were made all told?

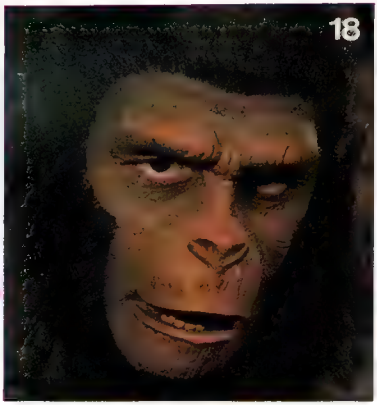
15. Different actors portrayed Zaius in the films and the television series. Can you name either of them?



16. In 'Conquest of the Planet of the Apes', set in 1990, trained apes did menial work in the U.S.A. What part of the world were they imported from?

17. The make-up for the Apes won an Oscar. Who created it?

18. How many of the 'Apes' films did Roddy McDowall appear in?



19. Whose spaceship did the chimpanzees use, in 'Escape from the Planet of the Apes', to travel back through time?

20. In which city was Roddy McDowall born?

ANSWERS

1. Roddy McDowall.
2. Beneath The Planet of the Apes.
3. Monkey Planet.
4. Cornelius, Zira, Milo.
5. 1968.
6. Gorillas: soldiers. Chimpanzees: scientists. Oranges: administrators.
7. Battle for the Planet of the Apes.
8. Caesar.
9. The Lawgiver.
10. The Twilight Zone (before), Night Gallery (afterwards).
11. George Taylor.
12. Claude Akins.
13. MacDonald.
14. 5.
15. Maurice Evans (Film), Booth Coleman (Television).
16. Africa.
17. John Chambers.
18. 4.
19. George Taylor's.
20. London.

BREAKOUT

CONSTANTLY ON THE RUN, THE ASTRONAUTS ALAN VIRDON AND PETE BURKE, AND THEIR FRIEND GALEN, THE RENEGADE CHIMP, COME TO A GORILLA OUTPOST... AND KNOW IT MUST BE PASSED, NO MATTER HOW UNCOMFORTABLY, BEFORE THE SUN RISS...

BUT, JUST WHEN IT SEEMS THEY HAVE SUCCEEDED...
THEY'VE SPOTTED US! RUN FOR IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THEY'RE NOT COMING AFTER US! WE MIGHT BE OKAY.
CAN WE SLOW DOWN TO A SPRINT NOW THEN?

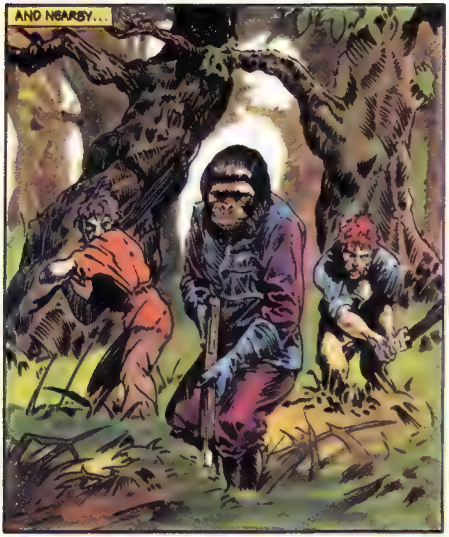
BUT, A LITTLE FURTHER ON...
NEWCOMERS? WELCOME TO THE PRISON CAMP! I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE VILLAGE... I AM ELLIS!

PRISON CAMP?
THIS WHOLE AREA IS RINGED WITH GORILLAS, FENCES AND OUTPOSTS... IT'S A VAST PRISON FOR RENEGADES... THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE HAD A CHIMP THOUGH.
GREAT! WE RISK OUR SKINS TO AVOID THE GORILLAS JUST TO GET INTO JAIL!
SOON...
NOT EXACTLY MIAMI BEACH, IS IT? WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE TRY TO ESCAPE?
WE WOULD IF WE COULD, BUT HOW? IF YOU COME UP WITH A SCHEME, WE'LL ALL HELP YOU.
OKAY, ELLIS, WE'LL HOLD YOU TO THAT. FIRST THING WE'VE GOT TO DO IS SCOUT ROUND... SEE WHAT WE CAN USE AND CHECK THE GUARDS.
A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...
WHAT'S THAT? IT SMELLS FOUL!
HOLD ON, I KNOW THAT SMELL... IT'S NATURAL GAS, SEEPING RIGHT UP OUT OF THE GROUND!
THIS COULD BE OUR WAY OUT OF HERE... WE BUILD A BALLOON. IT WOULDN'T CARRY US OUT OF HERE, BUT...
THEN... AH, I GET IT. THE GORILLAS GO AFTER IT, AND WE SLIP OUT THE BACK DOOR WHILE THEY'RE CHASING THEIR TAILS.
AND SO...
TRUST US, ELLIS... WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING. IT'LL GET US ALL OUT OF HERE.
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE... BUT A BASKET, TWO STRAW DUMMIES AND ALL THAT CLOTH!

SEVERAL DAYS PASS IN CEASELESS TOIL...
TREE-SAP, ELLIS... WHEN IT DRIES, IT'LL KNIT THE FIBRES OF THE CLOTH TOGETHER AND SLOW DOWN THE ESCAPE OF THE GAS.
AND THIS THING IS REALLY GOING TO FLY?
YOU BET! FOR A COUPLE OF MILES, AT LEAST.
FINALLY...
WE'RE ALL FINISHED! WHEN DO WE MOVE?
JUST BEFORE DAWN. WE INFLATE IT IN THE DARK, SO THEY CAN'T SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING. THEN, WHEN THE SUN COMES UP, WE LET 'ER GO.
THAT NIGHT...
KEEP IT QUIET! WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
AND, JUST IN TIME, THE WORK IS FINISHED...
SOON...
IT'S WORKING... THE BAG'S FILLING...!
HANG ONTO THOSE ROPES, YOU GUYS! WE DON'T WANT IT GETTING AWAY.
HERE COMES THE SUN... GET READY TO LET GO.

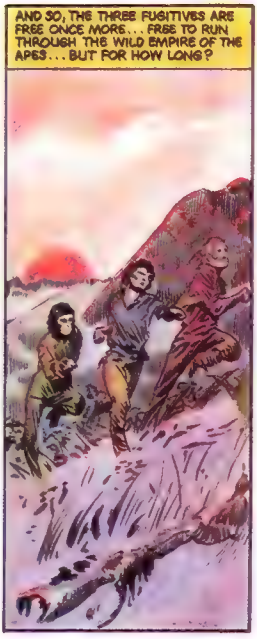
THEN, AS THE ROPE IS RELEASED...
IT WORKS! I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD!
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, GALEN... NEITHER DID I! LET'S HOPE THE REST OF THE PLAN DOES.
COMMANDER!
AND SO...
IT'S WORKING... AND THE WIND'S CARRYING IT MUCH FASTER THAN I THOUGHT! THEY'LL BE GONE FOR TWO OR THREE HOURS.
LET'S GET THE OTHERS MOVING.
BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE PERIMETER...
IT HASN'T COME OFF... THERE ARE FEWER GUARDS THAN USUAL... BUT THEY'RE STILL IN POSITION.
WELL, IF ONE DECOY WON'T WORK, MAYBE ANOTHER ONE WILL. SOMEBODY GIVE ME A TORCH.
SHORTLY, BACK AT THE GAS OUTLET...
WELL, I'M EITHER GONNA GET FRIED OR FREED SO HERE GOES NOTHING...!

NOT FAR AWAY...
WHAT'S GOING ON? FIRST A FLYING THING... NOW A FIRE!
WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE ...COME ON!
AARGH!
OOOOF!


AND NEARBY...

AND, UNDER-GUARDED, THE PERIMETER DEFENCES GO DOWN QUICKLY...
AAAAGH!

SHORTLY...
WE MADE IT! WE'RE FREE!
AT THE MOMENT, YES. BUT THEY'LL BE AFTER US AGAIN. SPLIT UP INTO SMALL GROUPS AND SCATTER.


AND SO, THE THREE FUGITIVES ARE FREE ONCE MORE... FREE TO RUN THROUGH THE WILD EMPIRE OF THE APES... BUT FOR HOW LONG?

THINGS TO DO

MAKE A MASK FROM PAPER

Fold paper in two

Cut two V's and around dotted line

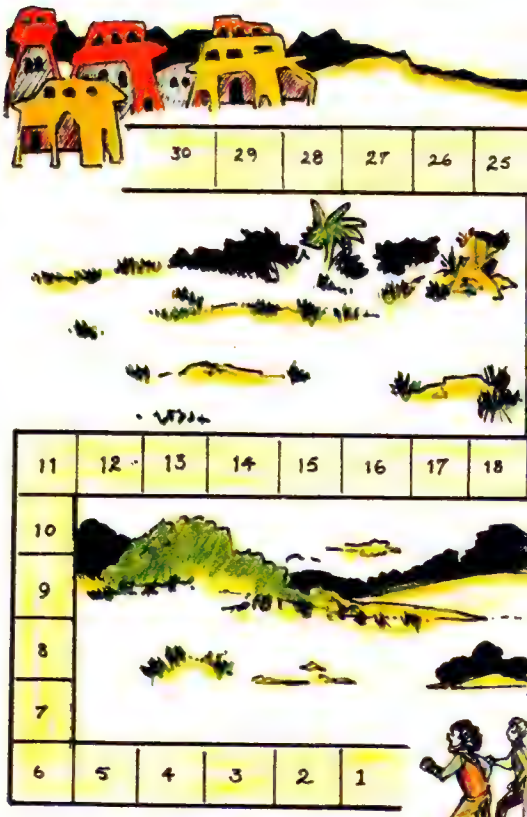
Fold in two again and cut a V shape for eyes

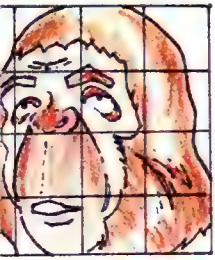
Unfold and paint the face

make a hole and put strings through

A RACE TO THE VILLAGE

using a dice and two counters to play this game





Copy the ape in the squares on the right and then colour him

Trace the shape and then re-arrange to make a face

THE ARSENAL

THE ancient ruin lay a few hundred yards ahead of the fugitives, their one last hope of safety. Once, this tottering cluster of buildings must have been the centre of a fairly large town; but now they were all that remained of its former glory. The countryside, grass, undergrowth and trees, had moved in to smother the suburbs completely, leaving only a few broken stumps of buildings to scar the landscape. But for Burke, Virdon and Galen, they looked almost as inviting as home itself.

For behind them, far too close behind, was a posse of mounted gorillas in hot pursuit. They had been dodging them for almost an hour, but now, as Alan Virdon led them as fast as their legs would carry them toward ruins, the hunters were closing fast. A rifle shot rang out, and then another.

The ground was becoming progressively rougher as they moved on, with bricks and lumps of jagged concrete thrust up through the soil, slowing them down. Another shot cracked the morning silence, and at almost the same instant, Pete Burke went down, flat on his face. He didn't get up.

"Pete!" Virdon cried after a few seconds, when he realised that Burke was no longer running with them. Together, he and Galen turned and ran back toward their friend. They rolled him onto his back, and he stared up at them blankly, then shook his head.

"Where did it hit you?" Galen asked, looking down at him in concern.

"Didn't hit me at all . . " Burke murmured as his head cleared. "I caught my foot on a rock . . ."

"This is a pretty dumb time to start falling over!" Virdon remarked as he hauled him to his feet. "Can you still run?"

"I . . I'm not sure . . . I'm all shook up . . ."

Virdon and Galen supported him from either side, and hustled him toward some trees. Behind them, a gorilla reined in his horse, steadied himself, and raised his rifle to his shoulder. The bullet thudded into a tree-trunk just as they made cover.

Struggling on through the copse, they reached the other side, and there were the ruins ahead of them. Still slowed by Burke, they hustled on into a rubble-strewn street, dodged round the corner of a building, and stopped. Here at least they had a chance of finding a hiding place... one that might buy them enough time for Burke to get his breath back and be ready to flee again, if nothing else.

Virdon left his companions for a moment, and stuck his head round the corner. The coast seemed clear just then, and, signalling to the others, he lead them across the street and through the doorway of what seemed to have once been an apartment building. The corridor they found themselves in was cool and dark, but at the end of it they could see a stairway leading upwards. They ascended cautiously to the next floor, and found a room with a small window overlooking the street. Virdon set himself to watch while the other two threw themselves down on the floor, gasping for breath.

The street outside, but for the shattered masonry and boulders which choked it, was empty. Virdon listened, straining his ears, but there was no tell-tale sound of horses' hooves either.

"They're not coming in after us," he whispered after a while. "But why? They can't be afraid of us, surely..."

"They know we haven't any guns, so they're not worried about an ambush, that's for sure..." Burke was on his feet again, recovered, and he went over to the window to look out over Virdon's shoulder. All was still peaceful

"There's another floor above," Galen remarked softly, moving toward the door. "I'll go up and find out if I can see any better from up there."

Before they could reply, Galen was gone. Burke and Virdon turned back to watch the street. But not for long. Less than a minute later, Galen was back, hopping with excitement, barely able to contain himself.

"Pete, Alan!" he beckoned them toward him swiftly. "Come and see what I've found upstairs!"

With a final check from the window, Burke and Virdon went toward the door, following Galen, who had already scampered on ahead of them. At the head of the stairs, the excited chimpanzee held a door open, and they stepped into the room beyond.

On racks all round the walls, the room was stacked with rifles, hand-guns and explosives... a veritable armoury. Burke and Virdon looked around them in amazement.

"So now we know why they didn't follow us in," Virdon said, picking up a rifle and examining it. "They were afraid we'd find these and blow their heads off!"

"Maybe... but it would have been worth the gamble," Burke replied. "After all, what would the odds be on our picking this *one* building. There must be ten or more..."

"Unless they *all* contain weapons dumps!"

Burke whistled disbelievingly, but he knew it was very possible.

"But why?" Galen asked. "Why left out here, unguarded?"

"Maybe those are the guards out there," Burke suggested. "Patrolling far enough away not to draw attention to this place. Only when they spotted us, we ran straight in here..."

"Urko must have several of these secret arms dumps scattered around," said Virdon. "They're his insurance against the day the council gets ideas about replacing him..."

"Well, Galen," Burke turned to his friend, who had been listening intently to their conversation without saying anything. "What would you do if you were the gorilla leader with only five or six troopers with him?"

"If I *were* a gorilla," the chimp began, "Which, thankfully, I'm not... I'd send someone for reinforcements, and then surround the place as best as I could..."

"Right!" Virdon agreed. "Which means as soon as we try to leave, we'll be cut down by hidden snipers. And we can't afford to wait till dark... we

don't know when those reinforcements will arrive."

The others looked toward him expectantly, realising he had some sort of idea in mind.

"But we can draw them in here now, and as we're armed, it's *us* who'll be doing the sniping. We can blow this place up... just this one building... and then they'll have to come in to stop us destroying the rest of it!"

Fifteen minutes later there was a shattering explosion, followed by the crash of tumbling masonry as the entire house collapsed. It was followed by a blazing fire, belching smoke, and the staccato clatter of exploding bullets. But by the time it went off, Burke, Virdon and Galen were well clear, and had taken up positions in the other buildings.

Burke sat caressing the trigger of a rifle, looking out of a first-floor window over the street below. The plan had worked, he realised, for a gorilla was approaching, slow and cautious, along the street, gun in hand.

This was no time for phoney heroics, Burke decided, even if the sound of a shot might alert the other gorillas. He raised the rifle to his shoulder, aimed, and fired. The gorilla tipped over backwards, fell off his horse, and lay still. The horse cantered on a few yards, and then came to a halt, looking round. Burke stayed where he was, watching the street, until he heard the sound of other shots. Then he moved slowly downstairs to the street and went out to catch the horse.

The first of those other shots had been from Virdon's gun, and had disposed of another of their foes. But just as he had broken from cover toward the horse, another gorilla had ridden round the corner, galloping toward the sound of firing. Pulling up his horse and leaping off it at the same time, the gorilla ran for cover, firing off a couple of shots as he did so. Virdon ducked back behind the remains of a low wall. For a short while there was stalemate, as both opponents, well sheltered, shot it out without any result.

Then Virdon saw another rifle-carrying ape coming up behind the gorilla, and he quickly had him in his sights. His finger was just about to squeeze the trigger when he realised it was Galen. The chimp reversed his rifle and rammed the butt into the back of the unsuspecting gorilla's neck... hard. That finished the fight.

"You almost got yourself shot, Galen!" Virdon told him, running closer, as the chimp crouched to gather the gorilla's food and water together, as their own was virtually exhausted. Then both of them froze as they heard the approach of hooves.

Burke looked cautiously round the corner, and as they relaxed, led his captured mount toward them. Now they had a horse each.

"Three down out of five or six," Virdon said. "And one of them gone for help. One or two gorillas aren't going to try to stop us leaving here on their own..."

"What are we waiting for then?" asked Burke, and with that they mounted up, riding cautiously to the edge of the ruins. Then, safe from attack at last, they shouldered their rifles and galloped off through the trees, deciding to enjoy their newfound freedom... for as long as it lasted...

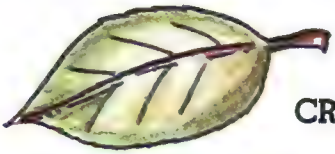
A PICTURE
TO PAINT

GAMES
PUZZ

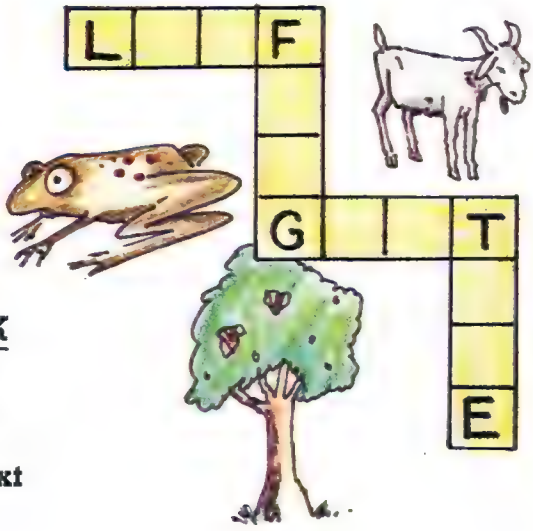
Which apes are the same?

RUNSAT

S AND ZLES



CROSSWORD



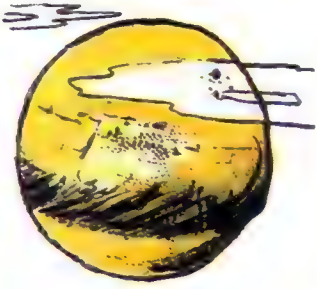
WORD CLOCK

The last letter of each object is the first letter of the next

FIND THE PLANETS

RTHEA

ONOM



AMRS

POWER PLAY

"ENOUGH of this babble!" Urko growled, getting to his feet, and the assembled members of the council were suddenly hushed, staring at him. "What are we going to do about the *human problem*?"

The speaker, an orang reviewing the production of food-crops over the last five years, looked at him and started a hesitant protest, then met Urko's baleful gaze. Without another word, he snapped the record-book shut and left the dais, humiliated, muttering, but not daring to cross the black-faced warlord. Urko snarled a grin.

"You seem to take a most eccentric view of council procedures, Urko," Zaius pointed out from his seat nearby. "However, as there seem to be no objectors, you have the floor..."

Urko's grin grew wider, and he turned to face the almost full council chamber. "You all know that unrest has been growing in the human settlements," he began. "They're being stirred up by agitators... getting ideas that they can be free and independent. Some of them think they should be equal with apes..."

A ripple of disconsolate horror ran through the

council members as they contemplated the idea. Urko smiled inwardly. They seemed ready to accept his idea.

"Now, what we need," he continued when they had settled down again, "is more troops, more restrictions on the humans... pen them in small areas where we can control them..."

"Urko!" Zaius interrupted. "These agitators you mentioned... I assume you mean the humans Burke and Virdon, and Galen the chimpanzee?"

Urko looked at him, snarling silently. The question did not need answering.

"And who is responsible for catching these renegades?" Zaius continued, quiet and self-assured. This time, Urko's snarl was quite audible. It had all gone wrong. Just when he had almost won the council over into giving him more powers, Zaius had thrown his own incompetence into his face. When he got hold of Galen and the humans...

"Regardless of such trifles as this," Zaius allowed himself a slight smile as he saw Urko's raging face. "My assistants and I are preparing new plans to deal with the entire human problem. When they are ready, they will be presented to this council..."

"I demand to be consulted on all aspects of security!" Urko grated, trying to save some measure of self-respect.

"You will be kept fully informed on all matters that concern you, Urko..." Zaius said, rising and leaving the council chamber.

Urko watched his departure, his beady eyes filled with hatred. Then his face softened, and he almost smiled.

Zaius walked slowly back to his office in the administration building, where he found his young orang assistant, Oris, waiting for him.

"How did it go, Zaius?" Oris asked. "Did Urko give any problems?"

"Urko was troublesome," Zaius replied wearily, "but I managed to keep him in check. Still, we'll have to choose our moment carefully when we introduce our ideas. If Urko has the council packed with gorillas at the time, we'll never get it through..."

"But surely, if the plans are for the good of all of us, how can the gorillas object?"

Zaius shook his head. Oris was young and didn't understand much about politics yet. "You'd never *persuade* Urko, or any other gorilla, that it's a good idea to give humans *more* freedom," he explained. "You've got to force it on them. Slip a vote through behind their backs, when there are too few gorillas in the council to fight it. The Orangs and most of the Chimps will support us..."

"Still, I can understand Urko's point of view, Zaius. I mean, the idea of free humans..."

"Not *free*, Oris. We just give them one or two privileges. Then they think they've achieved something, and they'll quieten down again... without having really got anything..."

"But will they?" Oris still seemed dubious. "What if, once they've got started, they don't stop until they're completely free?"

"Ridiculous!" Then Zaius paused, thinking, and an almost mischievous smile crossed his face. "Still, you never can tell with humans...! Now, bring me the documents, Oris, I want to go over them again..."

Obediently, Oris went over to a heavy wooden cabinet by one wall, produced a key from somewhere inside his tunic, and opened it. There was the sound of rustling papers for a moment, and then he turned with a horrified expression.

"They're gone, Zaius!" he spluttered.

"They can't be!" Zaius exclaimed, loping toward the cabinet. "I put them in there myself this morning... and you and I are the only two with keys..."

But a second check through the various papers revealed no sign of the 'Humans' documents. Zaius turned his attention back to the cabinet. There were two or three suspicious-looking scratchmarks around the keyhole.

"They've been stolen," he announced finally, coming to the only possible conclusion. "Somewhere in Central City, there's a spy..."

"Urko?" Oris asked.

"No... not in person anyway. And he wouldn't be stupid enough to keep the documents himself. If they were found in his possession, he'd be finished. But it's a gorilla, certainly... and he's probably waiting somewhere close to Central City to hand them over..."

"What can we do then?" Oris asked. "The entire plan will fall through!"

"We can get a few friends together... orangs and chimps... and go hunting..." Zaius smiled unconcernedly.

"You want to go hunting at a time like this? But what about the council? Urko could move while you're away from the city..."

"There isn't another council meeting for three days... and what we're hunting isn't game... it's documents..."

"I want the sentries doubled!" Narza told the circle of confederates who sat round the open fire, listening to him. "Now, and when it gets light. Zaius will have discovered the documents have gone by now, and he might come looking for them."

Narza looked round, and three of the gorillas got up and headed off into the darkness to carry out his commands. All else was quiet in the prison camp for renegade humans that Narza controlled. He loathed the job, almost as much as he loathed his captives. But now he had an opportunity to better himself.

"Have you sent word to Urko?" one of his gorillas asked. "When will he get here?"

"In the afternoon..." Narza said after a moment's thought. "My trooper will give him the message at dawn, and then it's a day's ride... but knowing Urko he'll wear out three horses and get here before sunset..."

Narza scowled at the flickering fire, slowly dying. He had done enough talking for one night.

"Send that despicable wretch of a chimpanzee, Mardik, to me at dawn," he ordered, walking away. "I'll have some scribing for him to do..."

On a crag overlooking the approach to the prison camp, two gorilla guards lounged idly, then scrambled to their feet in the afternoon sun as they saw Zaius, Oris and two chimpanzees riding toward them. They stared down sullenly, seemingly unperturbed.

"Tour of inspection!" Oris shouted up at them in explanation.

"And you will *not* tell Narza we are coming!" Zaius added. "We wish to see the camp without any previous preparations for our visit..."

The gorillas waved them through, and Zaius spurred his horse forward. He knew that the sentries would find some way of informing Narza, but warning them not to was part of the usual procedure of an inspection. He had gone through that same procedure twice already today, but their visits to the other gorilla encampments had turned up nothing. He was beginning to think that he might have made the wrong move after all. As the prison camp came into view ahead, everything looked perfectly normal.

Narza paced anxiously, forewarned, putting on a good act as a worried prison camp warden, as Zaius and his party appeared, still some distance away.

"Narza..." a voice said timidly behind him, and he span furiously as he recognised the voice as that of Mardik.

"What are you doing here, fool?" he raged. Mardik weakly held out a piece of paper toward him.

"It's finished, Narza. I've made all the alterations you wanted..."

Narza snatched the paper from him and thrust it into his tunic, out of sight.

"Get out of here, Mardik!" he commanded. "That's Zaius coming... if he sees you..." He didn't have to finish...

But it was already too late. From a distance, Zaius could only see the dark green of the chimp's clothing, but that was enough. He knew that there were no chimps on the staff of this camp... and anyone with no right to be here interested Zaius. "Find that chimp and bring him to me!" he commanded, and one of his own chimps wheeled his horse away and set off in pursuit.

Zaius and the others rode straight into the heart of the camp and confronted Narza. Dismounting,

Zaius explained the purpose of his visit, playing for time until his chimp returned with his prisoner. It didn't take long.

"Mardik!" Zaius exclaimed, as he recognised one of his own personal secretaries. He didn't have to say any more, as the terrified chimp went down on his knees, whimpering. Here was the one who had stolen his documents. He turned to Narza.

"Well, I seem to have found what I was looking for..." he said.

"And a lot more beside, Zaius!" Narza returned, snarling and raising a hand. In an instant, Zaius and his party were surrounded by gun-toting gorillas. One of the chimps raised his rifle, and was immediately shot down. Zaius raised a hand, ordering calm, and stood waiting for Narza to make the next move.

But the next move was not in Narza's hands. A

volley of shots rang out, and two gorillas went down, wounded. Zaius looked round and saw, to his surprise, Urko and a band of elite gorilla troops riding toward them, guns blazing. Narza and his gorillas scattered, some returning fire, some throwing down their guns, and Zaius and his companions could only scramble through the rising dust of battle and the whining rain of bullets, looking for cover.

The battle was soon over, for many of Narza's gorillas surrendered as soon as they realised it was Urko they were fighting. Finally, Urko himself approached Zaius, grinning unwholesomely, and led him aside.

"I hardly expected to be rescued by *you*..." Zaius remarked.

"Come now, Zaius. When I saw you held here, what else could I do but attack?" he said in mock seriousness. "After all, appearances have to be kept up..."

Urko seemed to be enjoying himself; especially at the expense of Zaius's discomfort. "I found this document on Narza," he remarked, pulling it from his pocket. "According to this, Zaius, you're planning to free all humans within ten years..."

"What?!" Zaius could hardly believe his ears. "It's not true! A forger has added to the manuscript!"

"Oh, undoubtedly," Urko smirked. "But Mardik is a very good forger. It'd fool the council easily..."

"But of course, to show it to them," Zaius counter-attacked, "you'd have to explain how it came into the hands of one of your gorilla lieutenants..."

"True," Urko agreed. "There seems to be only one way out for both of us... and that's to forget that you were ever going to make any concessions to the humans in the first place..."

Zaius thought for a moment. It seemed Urko had won his victory after all... at least for the moment. He nodded. "No concessions..."

Urko laughed, then started to walk away, ripping the document they had each fought so hard for to shreds. He paused briefly as he heard Zaius call him.

"I shall have to watch you, Urko! You're learning far too much about politics!"

A PICTURE
TO PAINT

GAMES AND PUZZLES

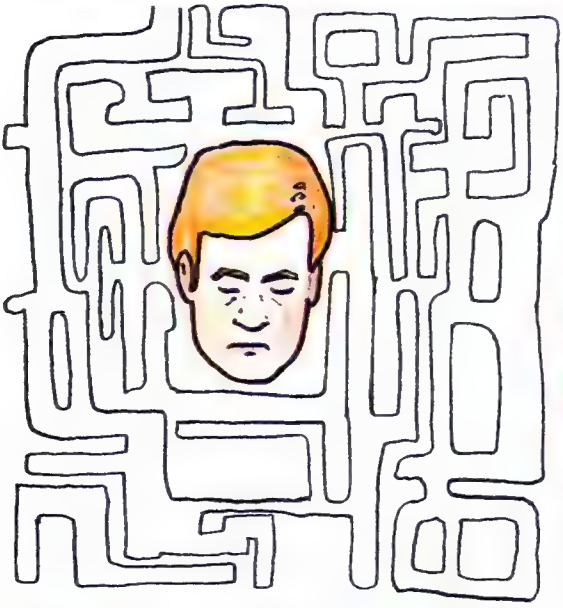
clue

1

4

5

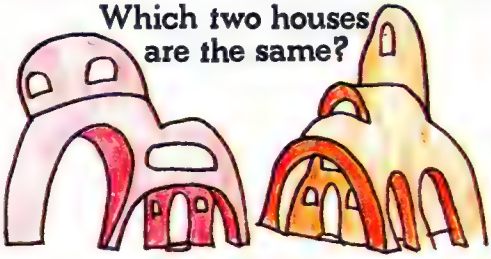
Help Virdon escape from the maze

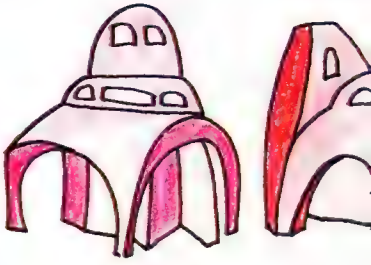


Wh

Z

Which two houses are the same?





CROSSWORD

clues down

1

2

3

4

5

are they?

Z

Unravel the words

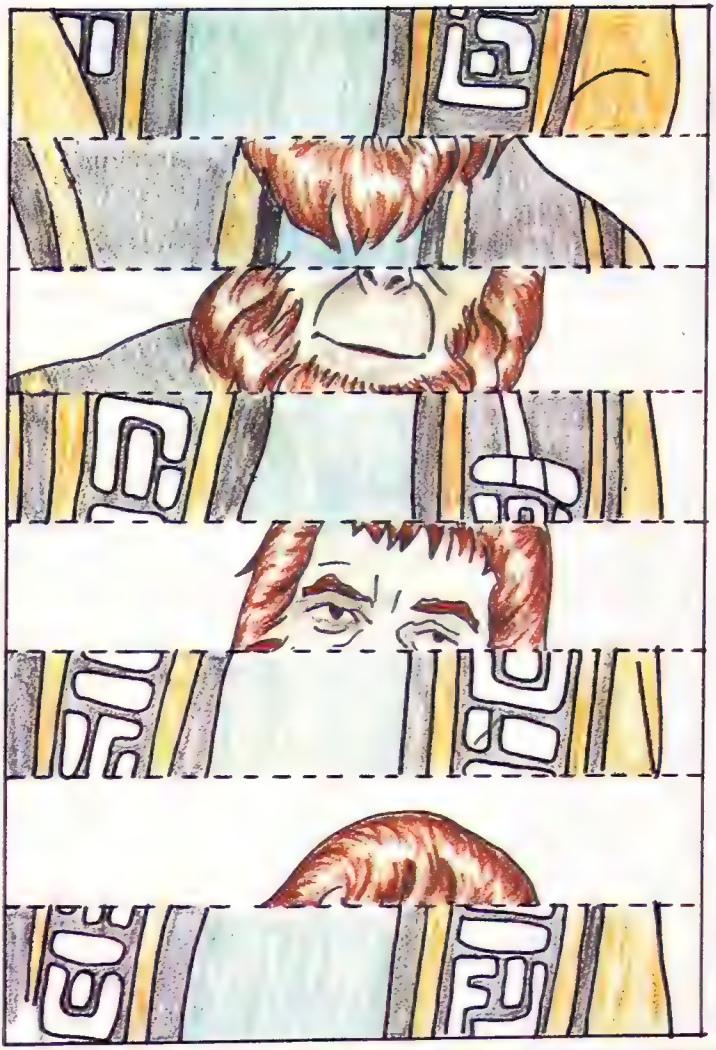
ETNALP

FO

HTE

PASE

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINES AND RE-ARRANGE



WHAT
IS
DR ZAIUS
LOOKING
AT

1 SOAP

2

3

SPACE SHIPS

SUGAR

THE FIRST LETTER OF EACH OBJECT
MAKES TWO WORDS

ALAN VIRDON, PETE BURKE AND GALEN HAVE SEEN MANY STRANGE THINGS IN THEIR TRAVELS THROUGH THE WEIRD WORLD OF THE APES. BUT NOTHING, PERHAPS, LIKE THIS
THAT BALL OF FIRE! WHAT IS IT?
A SPACESHIP! COMING DOWN FAST...ALMOST TOO FAST! THE HEAT SHIELD'S GLOWING LIKE CRAZY!
FROM OUT OF THE SKY
IT'S LANDING! COMING DOWN BEHIND THOSE MOUNTAINS...!
IF THAT'S ONE OF OUR SHIPS, COME THROUGH THE TIME-WARP LIKE WE DID, THEN IT MAY BE OUR TICKET OUT OF HERE.
RIGHT! BUT YOU CAN BET THE APES WILL HAVE SPOTTED IT TOO! WE'D BETTER GET THERE BEFORE A PARTY OF GORILLAS FIND IT.
AFTER A WEARYING NIGHT-LONG MARCH, DAWN FINDS THE TRIO HIGH IN THE HILLS...
NO SIGN OF IT... BUT IT MUST HAVE COME DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE.
COULD BE IN ONE OF THOSE VALLEYS I GUESS. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO START SEARCHING...!
AN HOUR LATER...
O-OH... THE GORILLAS ARE HERE ALREADY! AND HERE COME TWO PRIME SPECIMENS NOW.
DOWN, GALEN! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM, PETE! WE CAN USE THOSE HORSES.

AND SO...
WHAT THE... HUMANS!
UUUUGH!
WE'VE GOT THEM! GALEN... GO GET THE HORSES!
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...
I'LL ASK YOU AGAIN! WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? AND WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I TOLD YOU! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! WE HAD A MALFUNCTION AND HAD TO PUT DOWN HERE!
THEN, SUDDENLY...
WE'RE BEING SHOT AT! TAKE COVER!
AAAARGH!

AND, RIDING TOWARD THEM...
WE'VE GOT THEM PANICKED! KEEP SHOOTING!
KA-BLAM!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I'M NOT STAYING ROUND TO BE KILLED!
AAARGH!
HOLD YOUR FIRE...THEY WON'T TROUBLE US ANY MORE..!
IT IS ONE OF OUR SHIPS... AND THERE'S AT LEAST ONE GOOD-LOOKING SURVIVOR!
THEN A NEW SURPRISE...
VERINA! SO YOU FINALLY MADE IT OUT OF SPACE ACADEMY!
PETE! I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
A FRIENDSHIP FROM LONG AGO IS RENEWED... FROM VERY LONG AGO...
WHERE ARE WE, PETE? ALL THE INSTRUMENTS WENT HAYWIRE...
WE'RE ON EARTH, BABY... BUT 2000 YEARS AHEAD. YOU MUST HAVE HIT THE SAME TIME-WARP AS WE DID!
THEN, A TOUCHING REUNION IS INTERRUPTED.
THE OTHER TWO ARE DEAD... BUT THE SHIP ITSELF DOESN'T SEEM TOO BADLY DAMAGED...

SUDDENLY, THERE IS HOPE...
YOU MEAN... THIS THING MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET US HOME?
COULD BE... IF WE CAN HIT THE SAME TIME-WARP FROM THE OTHER SIDE... IT MIGHT CARRY US BACK...
YOU GET TO WORK THEN... AND I'LL KEEP WATCH IN CASE THOSE GORILLAS COME BACK...
BUT SOON, THE SHIP'S COMPUTER GIVES BAD NEWS...
THERE'S BEEN A FUEL LEAK... BUT IF WE STRIP THE SHIP RIGHT DOWN...
DON'T KID YOURSELF, PAL! EVEN IF WE DO THAT, IT'LL STILL ONLY TAKE ONE PERSON...
OVER THE NEXT FEW HOURS, EVERY NON-ESSENTIAL OBJECT IS REMOVED...
IF ONE OF US CAN GET BACK, AND LET THE BOYS BACK THERE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON...
THEY MIGHT GET A SPECIALLY REINFORCED SHIP THROUGH TO RESCUE THE REST OF US...'
FINALLY, THE WORK IS FINISHED. BUT THEN, THE AGONISING DECISION... WHO GOES?
ALAN SHOULD GO... HE'S THE MOST EXPERIENCED PILOT. I'LL STAY HERE WITH PETE UNTIL YOU GET BACK...
NO, IT'S GOT TO BE YOU, VERINA. WEIGHT MATTERS MORE THAN SKILL NOW... AND WE'RE REAL HEAVY-WEIGHTS COMPARED TO YOU...
THEN, BEFORE THERE IS TIME FOR MORE ARGUMENT...
A GROUP OF GORILLAS! RIDING THIS WAY!

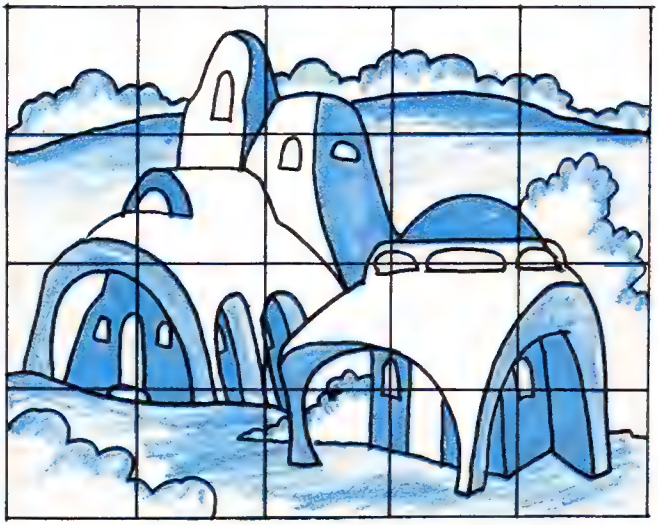
BUT...!
THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR LONG GOODBYES, BABY... I'LL BUY YOU DINNER IN 1990...
GET EVERYTHING SET... BUT DON'T BLAST OFF UNTIL I GIVE YOU THE SIGNAL...
OVER TO THOSE ROCKS...
WE'VE GOT TO DRAW THOSE GORILLAS TO US; NOT THE SHIP...
THEY'RE OVER THERE, IN THOSE ROCKS! WE'VE GOT THEM PINNED DOWN!
THEY'RE JUST ABOUT IN POSITION! LET'S HOPE THIS WORKS!
IT BETTER... I'M DOWN TO MY LAST BULLET...!

I HATE TO LEAVE THEM... BUT I'VE NO CHOICE!
AND, WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE SHIP'S ENGINES COME TO LIFE...
AAAIIEEEEE!
VR-RR-RROOOMM!
THEN, SLOWLY AT FIRST, BUT WITH GATHERING SPEED, THE SHIP CLIMBS INTO THE SKY, LEAVING BEHIND A SILENT VALLEY...
SILENT BUT FOR THE ONLY THREE SURVIVORS OF ITS DEPARTURE...
I WONDER IF SHE'LL MAKE IT BACK THROUGH THE TIME-WARP... EVEN IF SHE DOES, THERE'S NO GUARANTEE A RESCUE SHIP'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE!
SHE'LL GET BACK SOMEHOW... AFTER ALL, NO GIRL'S EVER STOOD ME UP FOR DINNER!

A PICTURE
TO PAINT

WHICH STRING LEADS
TO DR ZAIUS

COPY THE DRAWING IN THE SQUARES



FLIGHT FROM TERROR

"I can't stand it any more, Menuas!" Caria said, turning to her husband, as she watched the whip-wielding gorillas spur their horses forward for another charge. She turned her head away.

"But it's only *humans*," Menuas said, putting a comforting arm round her shoulder. "And if they start agitating for more food, they've got to expect to be punished!"

"Perhaps... but they're just as bad with us! Oh, if only there weren't any gorillas at all..." Together, they turned away from the cracks of the whips and the cries of the whipped, pushing through the crowd of watching apes, going back toward their home on the outskirts of Central City.

"You must try to control yourself, Caria!" Menuas cautioned her as they reached the door. "It's just too dangerous for us chimps to say anything against the gorillas... especially at this late stage in our plan. Still, I have some good news. Jango tells me we move tonight. He'll have horses waiting outside the city at dusk. We ride for the coast... and freedom!"

"And will there really be a fishing boat waiting for us?"

Above: The whip wielding gorillas prepared for another charge.
Left: Menuas and Caira knew the time for their planned escape was at hand.

"As many as we want. Tomorrow is a rest day for the humans, so the whole fishing fleet will be docked. And according to Jango, there's only one guard over the boats. We'll take care of him easily enough..."

Outside, the sun had passed its peak, and was starting its long, slow descent toward the west. They spent the afternoon packing up one or two keepsakes and looking round, for the last time, at the place they had called home. Then, as darkness crept across the city, they slipped off into the shadows.

The voyage had been long and hard, for the party of escaping chimps were no sailors. For several days the two fishing boats had moved steadily southwards, keeping the coast in sight on their left side. And then the storm had risen, tossing them to and fro, carrying them far from land, making them suffer terribly. But finally it had subsided again, and after two more days they saw land again. They had had no idea where they might be, but their food and water was running low, and they knew they had to put ashore.

Now they stood on the strange beach, their legs still wobbly, trying to acclimatize to being back on solid ground again. After a while, with Jango and Menuas leading, they started to head inland.

"You there! Stay where you are!" The voice rang out, sharp and harsh.

They looked up in shock and horror at the speaker, for they saw it was a human. And he was holding a gun...

The man waved his free hand, keeping the apes covered all the time, and shortly afterwards a second human appeared, also armed. The newcomer took one look at the ragged party of chimps and ran off. It wasn't long before many more humans were on the scene.

The chimps were too stunned by the mere sight of humans with guns to think of resisting or escaping, and they allowed themselves to be passively lead away. At any moment, they expected some gorilla overseer to appear on the scene, but it never happened. It was all quite shocking... unrestrained humans, who actually seemed to rule themselves.

"What place is this?" Menuas asked one of his captors timidly, as they walked. He was beginning to wish that they *did* have some gorillas along with them to protect them. The man looked at him curiously for a moment, as if the question was too stupid to answer, then shrugged and said;

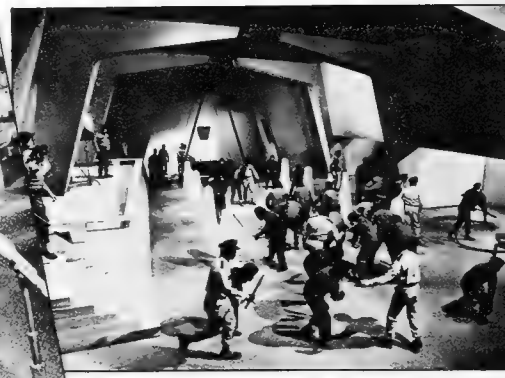
"The Empire of Merica-South, Province of P'ru..."

Menuas said nothing; the names were totally incomprehensible to him. They walked on, and finally, coming over a ridge, saw a city before them... a great, gleaming concrete construction of multi-storeyed buildings that made Central City look like a village slum. A ripple of amazement ran through the chimps. It was like the ruins they knew, but made good.

Then they saw another party of humans approaching, and they found themselves split up into ones or twos. Menuas tried to protest as they closed the manacles around his wrist, but with guns all around, there was nothing he could do. In chains, the apes were led into the city.

"We've heard stories of a country of the apes to the north, of course," one of the humans said, "but you're the first of your kind to actually fall into our hands. You must tell us everything you know about the place..."

Menuas looked round. For some reason, he and Caria had been chosen to represent their group, and now they stood in the midst of this vast hall, packed with humans. They were still chained, but Menuas decided that this was a reasonable precaution, considering they were strangers. If he tried to be helpful, and to show them that the chimps were equally as intelligent as the humans (and these humans did seem vastly more intelligent than the serfs back in his own country), they might still accept him and his companions, and let them live here in freedom. At great length, he proceeded to tell his captors everything he knew about the apes, from politics to food production to science and history. All he covered up was the way humans



Above: For several hours, Menuas told the assembled humans everything he knew about the apes. Right: At night, the chimps were chained to concrete posts.

were treated by the gorillas. There was no sense in antagonising them, after all.

Finally, he came to a stop. He could think of nothing more to tell them, and he was exhausted by several hours of standing and talking. The humans merely regarded him coldly and in silence. There was no appreciation in their expressions, no warmth. One of them got to his feet, and there was a manic gleam in his eyes. He began to speak slowly, in a voice heavily laden with hatred.

"All very interesting, *monkey*," the insult was unmistakable, "but you've told us nothing of your country's armaments and defense capabilities. Very well, we have ways of *extracting* such information, but I'd advise you to co-operate, and save yourself some *pain*. It was you monkeys who almost destroyed the world, hundreds of years ago, and we can't allow you another chance to finish the task. If you help us, we may allow you to live out your natural lives. As for the rest, we'll destroy every ape on the planet... and make this a fit world for humans to live in again!"

This speech was greeted with riotous applause by the rest of the assembly, but Menuas could only stare in horror. Then something snapped inside him, and he started, raging, toward the speaker, dragging Caria behind him, intent on forcing those words back down the man's throat. He got about five feet, and then there was a sudden tug on his chains. He spun round, and his guard swung his baton. The wooden club thudded sickeningly against his skull, and, only half-conscious, he felt himself being dragged away. By his side, Caria was screaming pathetically.

In a large, underground hall, with no windows, the party of chimps spent several days, acknowledging at last that they were nothing more than prisoners. Compared to this, their homes back in Central City seemed very appealing, in spite of the oppression they had fled from. It seemed that there was no peace to be found anywhere in the world...

Jango was dead. He had attempted to fight off a group of humans when they came to take him for questioning, and they had beaten him to death with their batons. Their human overseer, Pensward, had said it was an accident, but none of the men seemed to care very much. And after that, concrete posts had been set in the floor, and each chimp chained to one... except for the exercise periods, when they were allowed to walk round, but not leave the room.

Pensward, surrounded by guards, stood on the raised dais at one side of the hall and looked round with satisfaction. Jango's death seemed to have shocked the chimps. There had been no sign of resistance since, and they had apparently done their best to answer questions... though not on military matters. Either they didn't know anything, or they were very good liars.

Pensward was no ape-lover, but he decided to give straightforward questioning one more try before attempting more violent means of obtaining information. He had the chimp called Menuas brought to his office, and laid a book on the table before him. Menuas looked fearfully at Pensward and his human assistants, and then down at the book.

"Have you any weapons like that?" Pensward asked, pointing at a picture of a light field-gun. Menuas shook his head. And so it went on through several more pages of the book, each showing strange things beyond Menuas's non-military comprehension. At last his eyes began to wander away from the book, and he saw a key on the

table... the key which unlocked all their chains, and which the guard had brought with him.

Thinking swiftly, Menuas showed sudden interest in one of the pictures that Pensward was showing him, and leaned forward to pick up the book, holding it close to his face. Then he let it slip through his fingers to the floor. There was sudden confusion as the guards cursed his clumsiness, and Pensward leaned over to pick up the volume. That second's diversion was all Menuas needed to snatch the key and thrust it into the pocket of the strange coverall that they had given him to wear. Pensward thrust the book at him again.

"No, I'm sorry, I don't know it after all." Menuas announced, hardly able to conceal his triumph. Pensward snapped the book shut angrily.

"Get him out of here!" he cried furiously, and Menuas was hustled away back to his prison. The manacles snapped shut around his wrist... no one had noticed the key missing.

The guards had been reduced since the chimps were chained and so, that night, as Pensward made his last round to check on them, he was accompanied by only two guards. And they were no protection at all when the twenty chimps suddenly threw down their manacles and moved toward them, anger in their eyes and venom in their fists. The two guards went down in unconscious heaps,

The weapons in the book were beyond Menuas' comprehension. Right: Trembling, Pensward threw himself to his knees.

and Pensward went down on his knees, trembling. Menuas moved toward him threateningly.

"Please!" Pensward quaked. "I haven't harmed you! I..."

Menuas looked at him with contempt. How the man had changed! "Are our ships still at the shore?" he snarled.

"I suppose so..." Pensward quivered. "No one was interested in them..."

"Good!" Menuas hissed. "The only way for you to save your own skin is to take us back to them, tonight, and if anyone realises something's wrong, you'll be the first to die!" One of the other chimps handed Menuas a pistol taken from the unconscious guards. Pensward trembled once more and then got to his feet.

"I'll take you there..." Pensward mumbled.

"If we can't stay here, can't we at least go home?" Caria asked, shivering in the dawn breeze as she stood on the beach. Menuas, watching his companions climbing into the boats, shook his head.

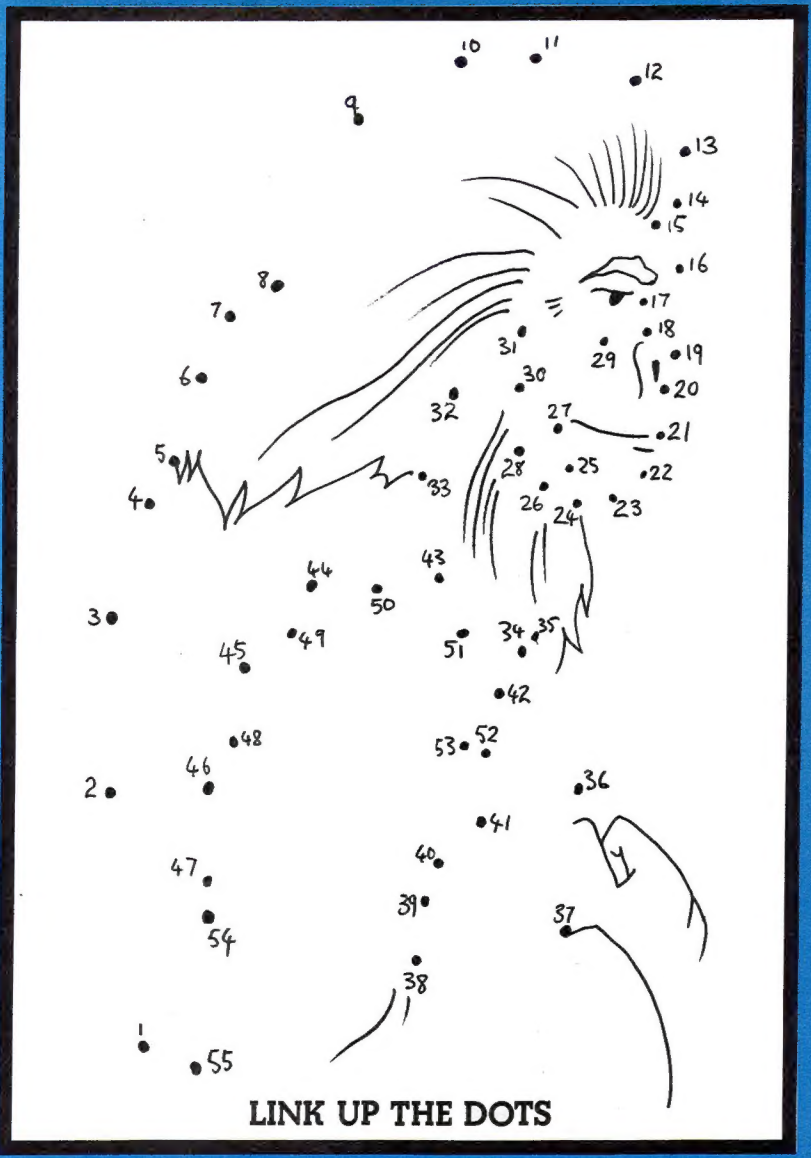
"You know what Urko would do to us for running away," he said, adding: "Besides, with those *advanced weapons* of his, he'd destroy us miles from shore!"

The last line was for Pensward's benefit, and he saw the man look appropriately horrified. After all, Menuas still had some allegiance to the Apes, and if these humans could be made to think twice about attacking them, all the better. When everyone else was on the boats, and ready to leave, Menuas turned back to Pensward...

And punched him on the jaw...

"For Jango..." Menuas said simply, looking down at the prone man, then turning to get on the boat. They headed out into the open sea... looking for somewhere where they could live in freedom...

A PICTURE TO PAINT

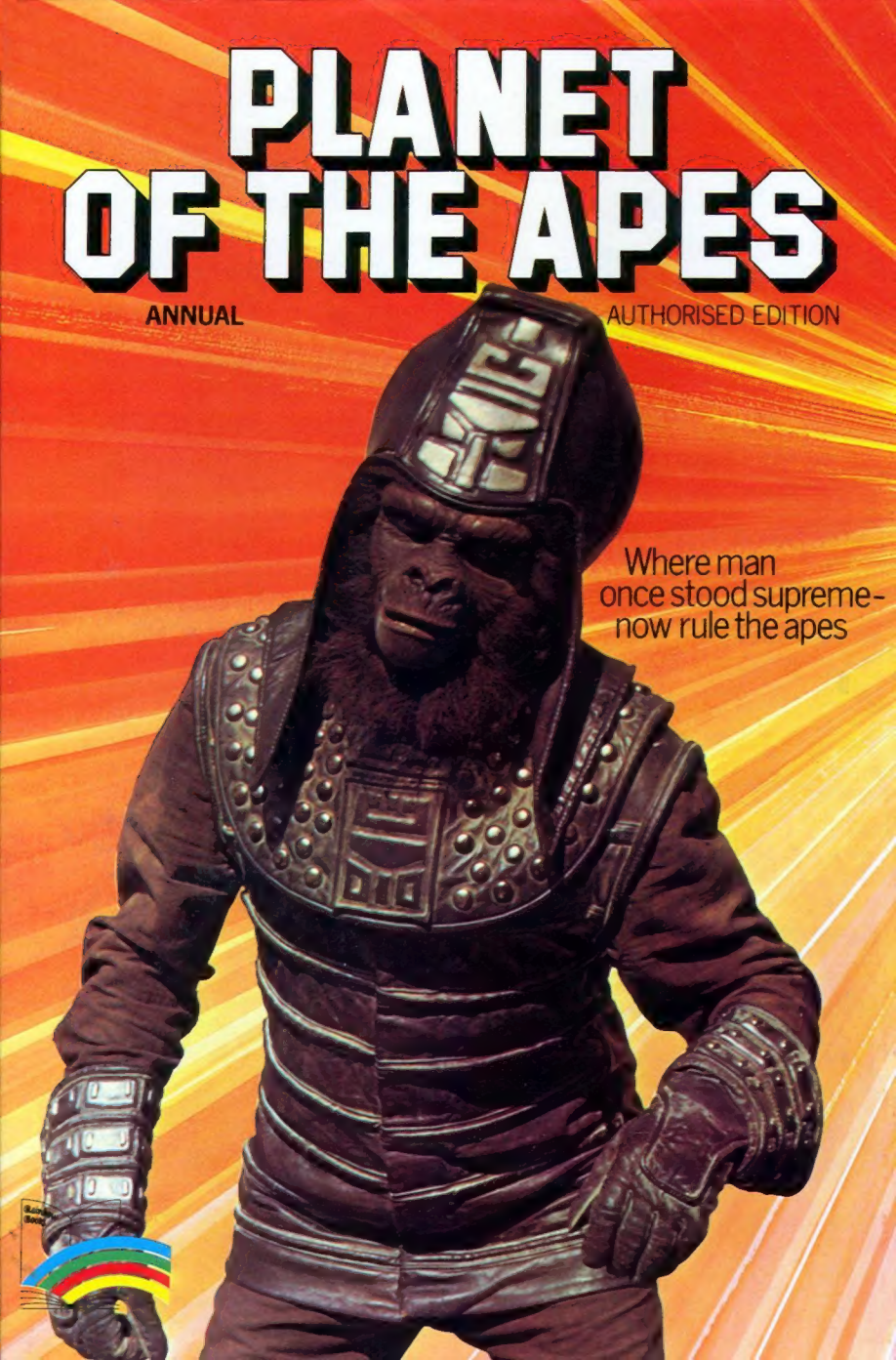


LINK UP THE DOTS

PLANET OF THE APES

ANNUAL

AUTHORISED EDITION



Where man once stood supreme - now rule the apes